

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—COOPER.



GOLDIE AND HIS UNRECOGNISED TUTOR.

THE HEIRESS OF CHEEVELY DALE.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE TUTOR DISCOVERED.

"I REALLY had no idea—" the rector began to say.

"There's one thing I don't quite see to the bottom of," interrupted Mr. Marveldine. "Who has been teaching him this shipping?"

"Slipley, I imagine, or perhaps her nephew."

"Ay, or perhaps some else; she is not so up in the technicalities, I take it, and Gandy is half an idiot. The sooner the boy leaves Balla the better."

"Then I must look out for a school," said Mr.

Goldison, with a rueful countenance. "But where to look?"

"Out of the window," said Mr. Marveldine, laughing. "I don't believe you will look much farther."

"I am indeed a most incompetent person for the post forced on me. I would do anything, make any sacrifice, for the child, whom I tenderly love, but what to do? and how to do it?"

"Two comprehensive questions, I grant; but, for a little while, till you have settled something, let him come to me. I will look after him, and my boys will be better companions for him than the lads on the bay, who I

suspect are a little more intimate with him than you are aware of?"

Mr. Goldison looked troubled at the suggestion.

"I don't mean to frighten you; no harm is yet done, most probably; but it would be awkward if his tastes were irretrievably given to a sailor's life, which, of all others, his father wouldn't sanction."

"Goldie a sailor!" exclaimed the rector.

"Ay, he is some way towards one, I fancy," said his friend.

"Take him back with you; by all means, take him. I will be wholly guided by you; I have left him too much: his unfortunate health!"

"Which is all fudge," said Mr. Marveldine.

"Well, it may be so," sighed the rector. "I may have been altogether wrong; my only solace is I did not seek the office; and now, if you will take him under your direction, allowing him to see me occasionally, you will greatly relieve me."

As no time was to be lost, it was agreed that Goldie should accompany Mr. Marveldine that evening; and the conversation having given the rector his accustomed headache after excitement, they agreed to stroll to the beach, and send Goldie to be prepared for his transit.

"Merely a visit, you understand," said Mr. Marveldine, as the rector rang for his housekeeper, to give her directions.

"A visit? ah—oh—yes—I see!" he exclaimed, having fully intended (without the caution) to confide the whole to the faithful Slipley, who had been busy examining and cross-examining her *protégé* on his descent from the study, but had elicited nothing that seemed ominous, until the announcement of the visit to the Downs, when she immediately saw the whole scheme.

Now the housekeeper had no wish to part with Goldie, who was, in one way and another, a very considerable perquisite, since she had an unlimited order on the rector's purse to supply his wardrobe. Moreover, the gigantic labours she professed to undergo on his behalf drew forth continual marks of her master's gratitude, and very substantial ones too. Yet, on the whole, she saw the expediency of the move; for it was difficult, with all her sharpness, to keep his eyes and ears shut when their being *open* was inconvenient; for Mrs. Slipley's private affairs flourished only in the shade. Besides, although he was wonderfully reserved for his age, and kept his thoughts very much to himself, and his uncle was the last person in the world to extract them from him, she was in daily dread of his making certain communications which would involve unpleasant results. A word might slip; children were dangerous to trust out of sight; so it was safer that he went.

But one very strong objection she had to the plan, and that was his going with Mr. Marveldine, who would, she feared, worm out of him much that he had no right (in her opinion) to know: so she tried to make an effort to prevent it; but Mr. Marveldine took the rector's arm, and went forth to seek his new charge, without giving her a moment alone with him.

They wandered for some time on the sands, the tide being out, enjoying the refreshing breeze, and remarking on the beauty of the bay in the sunset, and almost forgot the object of their search, until they saw him perched on a limpet-covered rock, his head bent down, his back towards them.

"He is examining the rock," said the rector, glad to see him in an attitude of reflection.

"Watching a crab hole, I should think," said Mr. Marveldine; "but hush, we won't disturb him."

They walked on in perfect silence, the sands returning no sound to their footsteps. As they drew nearer, a gray cap appeared from the hollow over which Goldie was sitting—he was not alone! Soon after, they heard a voice, regular in cadence and continuous.

"Some one is reading to him!" whispered the rector. "Is it right—ought we to take them by surprise?"

"Quite right; and of course we ought; now we shall get to the bottom of the mystery," whispered Mr. Marveldine, in reply; "he's with his tutor, whoever that may be, and I want an introduction, which I may fail to get if I give him timely notice to slip into the rock; these cliffs are full of hiding holes."

A few more steps brought them in full view of the teacher, who has already been described as Mr. Calder.

He was reclining on one of the numerous smooth slabs that lay about, resting his head on his hand; the book lay on his extempore couch, and Goldie was evidently wholly absorbed in it. They were situated at the mouth of a cave, of which, as Mr. Marveldine had said, there were many, forming very intricate recesses in the bay. When they had advanced too near to allow of the stranger's escape, Mr. Marveldine whispered, "Cough!" The slight attempt Mr. Goldison made to obey was drowned by the reader's sonorous voice.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Marveldine, "that wouldn't wake a cockle," and he made the rocks ring with an imitation of his last child's whooping cough, which had the effect of starting the object of their curiosity to his feet. Goldie, turning round, beheld them with a mixture of shame and vexation.

"We have interrupted you, sir," said Mr. Marveldine, walking close up and eyeing the stranger.

Mr. Calder, though taken back by the suddenness of the encounter, was immediately restored to self-possession. He bowed, said it was pleasant to read to an intelligent listener, and put the volume in his pocket.

"I am indebted to you for your kindness in allowing my nephew to share your book," Mr. Goldison said, very warmly.

"The Rev. Mr. Goldison, I imagine," was the reply.

The rector assented, and inquired if the stranger were residing or visiting in the neighbourhood.

"My name is Calder. I live at the Rocky Heights."

This announcement was followed by explanations and excuses from the rector for being ignorant of his parishioners, while Mr. Marveldine stood by and, as he said, "watched the case."

"I am often from home, sir," said Mr. Calder. "I happened to be on the beach this evening, and, finding this child wandering listlessly about, thought it would be kind to 'share my book,' as you said, with him. He is very intelligent, and has been equally pleased with myself, I think. No thanks, pray." With these words, and a formal salutation, he walked away, not seeming to wish for further conversation.

The rector and his friend looked after him, and at one another.

"Goldie, lad, you are a lucky fellow to pick up friends like pebbles on the shore. Run in, now, to Mrs. Slipley; she will trim you up to return with me. We are going to have a notable hurly-burly in the shape of a birthday keeping, and your uncle says you may join in it. Run. I can wait one hour more, and we go—"

"He doesn't look flattering, you observe," he said, as Goldie's eyes dropped, and he went homewards with a lagging step.

"He is not fond of leaving home. I have offered to send him to you before, but he clings to me," said the rector.

"He doesn't like boys in his own rank, who beat him in things he ought to be up in, that's it; but how about this recluse from the Heights—your parishioner? Had you never seen him before?"

Mr. Goldison began to explain.

"Oh, I comprehend, perfectly," said his friend, laughing. "But I should look him up. He is not enticing, as you may say. I wonder what book he was reading? and it's clear now where the boy got his shipping from—through whose glass he has been looking."

CHAPTER XVI.—THE ELEVEN.

The Downs was not the most picturesque of dwellings. Mr. Marveldine was not overburdened with money, nor with taste. He had eleven children to set off on their way into the world, and, while he provided them with good walls and roof, airtight and waterproof, he considered he had done all that was proper or possible in the way of lodging for them. His wife was very feeble in health, and unable to carry out her love of refinement. She had, however, struggled through the erection of a greenhouse, and contrived to fill it with choice flowers, which, while Mr. Goldison was on a visit there, was crashed and smashed by one of her uproarious sons. Mr. Marveldine would have punished the offence with a short reckoning if he could have caught the offender, but the said offender, being aware of that fact, did not allow himself to be caught, preferring no reckoning at all to the very shortest.

His girls Mr. Marveldine turned over to their mother, or would have done so, but that her delicacy, and their inordinate love for him, brought them all under his rule in reality, though he avowedly "washed his hands of them." The two or three babies, as the youngest yet were, constituted her charge; and, much as she loved all her children, she never felt so safe or comfortable, so able to breathe freely, as when she was in her nursery with the door shut, watching the progress in "running alone," or examining the appearance of a new tooth. She was so engaged with the last baby, with Violet on her knee, when Mr. Marveldine arrived with Goldie from Balla.

It was growing late when they passed under the two old yews that met and formed an archway over the wicket leading up to the house. The ruins of the greenhouse, which had never been properly repaired, gave rather a desolate look to the approach, which the building itself did not enliven. The window-tax, which was high at that time, had made its master shut up every light that was not necessary, and the brick and plaster squares, distributed irregularly over the stone surface, were far from ornamental. Goldie, however, did not look with a critical air on the house; he observed nothing but a long, low wall that parted a small orchard from the courtyard. On this were perched all Mr. Marveldine's family that were not in the nursery. When the wheels of the gig, leaving the smooth turf, rattled on the pitching of the yard, they started up and darted off like a detachment of starlings from a ledge, and came clustering round their father, all talking at once.

"Hands off, vagrants!" he cried: "don't you see I've got company? Here, Hugh, look to him, while Jerry and I go and untack; and you may tell your mother she must get a bed made; or see to it yourself: don't trouble *her*; and see what sort of a supper you can find for us. Run, girls, run; I wonder you're not ashamed to be caught on a wall, instead of being in the parlour mending your stockings."

The whole party took this as an excellent joke, and laughed heartily; at the same time prompt obedience

was given to orders. Hugh, a fine youth nearly eighteen years of age, with a most ingenuous countenance, took Goldie's arm, and was going to lift him out of the gig; but he sprang from his grasp and was on the ground upright, with the greatest ease, in a moment.

"Pretty well for gristle!" said Mr. Marveldine. "I don't think you could beat *that*, boys!"

"He's as light as a feather, and as springy as air," said several together, in vindication of their own powers.

Gerard, less pleasant in looks, went with his father to the stable; and Goldie was immediately led to the house by Hugh, all following that were not concerned in their father's orders.

Presently there was a rebel chorus set up; the younger ones were still amenable to nursery authority, and the nurse had come to carry them off to bed. They declared it wasn't the right time; and that they wanted to see their new friend; and that they were not tired; and, finally, that they *would not go*. When, just as they had declared this, with a stoutness that betokened an unchangeable determination, the voice of Mr. Marveldine in the hall sent them flying to say good night to him without delay, and then to go grumbling to bed, longing for morning.

May Marveldine was about fifteen; and a wondrous mixture of old and young, grave and gay she was; and, we may add, of rough and smooth, wild and tame. If Mr. Marveldine had a favourite, it was May, who had come like an olive-branch indeed, betokening peace after three noisy boys had filled the house with confusion. She in return idolized him, and his wish could stimulate her at once to any possible amount of self-exertion or self-denial. She inherited his buoyancy of spirit more than any of them, and resembled him in character, though there was a considerable dash of her mother's melancholy and tenderness at times to be perceived in her. She held undisputed sway among her brothers and sisters, not by any asserted authority, for that they would have stoutly resisted, but by making herself necessary to them one and all, and, entering with the fulness of sympathy into their cares and pleasures.

Education was a trouble to Mr. Marveldine—at least that of his girls; the boys, when old enough, he placed at school; but his theory was, that a mother, if a good one, was the best person to train a girl. And what mother if love and excellence could surpass his wife! So May had never left her home; her younger sisters were scarcely old enough to perplex him, but he had more than once had serious misgivings if he had done his duty by her, in keeping her from the advantages of regular study. It was only at intervals he thought of it, for he was a busy man, and always ready to lend a helping hand in a neighbour's affairs when wanted; there were others, besides Mr. Goldison, who depended on him for counsel and assistance when they got into difficulty. But when a sudden thought struck him, suggested by reading a remark to the purpose—by accident, as we say—or by some trifling act or word of hers which betrayed the fact that May was not exactly the thing known as "an accomplished young lady" in society, he would determine on going to word at once himself, and supplying, so far as he could, the deficiency his wife's frequent illnesses and want of leisure from babies made in her schooling. Nothing made May happier than when a fit of this kind came upon him. She would devour his instructions; it mattered not what he taught her, whether he began Latin, or tried to strengthen her mind with Euclid, or directed her attention to the poets—she loved whatever he taught, and worked with such

diligence that a great amount of material, of one sort or another, accumulated in her mind and memory.

Some call to the affairs of his own family, or of others, generally interrupted these literary fits before they had lasted very long, yet they had always lasted long enough to do good work. This irregular education had the effect of making May very distrustful of her attainments; how could she know much who had been so taught? It also gave her a taste for real knowledge, and made her thirst after it. She was gifted with a fervid imagination, which, if she had not had strong sense, would have troubled her peace; but she had it under control. Nothing charmed her brothers and sisters, from the oldest to the youngest, like May's stories; she would keep them listening, as if spell-bound, to one of her strange brain webs as long as she chose to speak, and it was thus they were all employed when first Goldie espied them perched on the wall.

The day after his arrival was, as Mr. Marveldine had said, devoted to a "birthday hurly-burly," and a "hurly-burly" it certainly was. Goldie, who had either no companion or friend of a different sort, stood wondering at the confusion, so delightful to them: only when there was a game of leaping proposed did he seem inclined to enter into the sport; in that he easily excelled all who competed, and, having done it, he sauntered away towards the broken greenhouse, eluding the young Marveldines, who, among their other visitors, soon forgot him, and there he sat down to watch the little children playing round their nurse. While Goldie was thus occupied, Mr. Marveldine surprised him.

"How now!" he exclaimed; "is there nothing going on yonder fitter to amuse you than these babies? Are you tired of the boys, or are they tired of you?"

Goldie was silent—he was "tired of the boys," and bitterly regretted the exchange he had made of the Downs for freedom and Balla. A few hours had shown him that the young Marveldines were not of the same stamp as himself, and every allusion they made to things in which they were superior to him, he, in the jealousy of ignorance, construed into reflections on his backwardness, a matter with which they were wholly unacquainted. Mr. Marveldine was going to renew his question, when Violet fell from a part of the greenhouse wall, and raised a loud cry. Her bruised arm frightened her, and while Mr. Marveldine (who doctored indiscriminately all cases within his reach, believing the art of medicine to be confined to a few simple rules with which he was well acquainted) was gone for a remedy, she gradually forgot her troubles in watching Goldie, who, to divert her, began to make a boat of leaves to sail on the little garden pool.

"What! cured without the doctor?" exclaimed Mr. Marveldine, returning; "hardly fair *that*. What have we here? a boat! neither brig nor bark *this*, I fancy!" and he looked with a smile at Goldie.

"It might be got into a punt if the leaves were not so limp," said he, with the same animation he had displayed at his uncle's table the day before, and which Mr. Marveldine had until now seen no token of since.

"How comes it you know so much of these things?" he said, after having drawn him out into a long discussion on the differences in the forms and fittings of various vessels. "I suspect," he continued, finding that the inquiry had closed Goldie's lips—"I suspect that friendly companion in gray that we found you listening to on the beach must have taught you?"

"Very good-natured of him indeed," he added, choosing to construe Goldie's continued silence into consent; "and I suppose he allows you to sight vessels through

his glass? A kind sort of man he must be—Mr. — What's his name?"

"Mr. Calder," replied Goldie, thrown off his guard by the ease and calmness, almost indifference, with which the question was put.

"I wonder what should have made him wish you to keep your acquaintance with him a secret. Your uncle would be most grateful to any one who served you."

Goldie was half disposed to tell the reason; namely, that Mr. Calder feared Mr. Goldison might forbid the intimacy if he knew of it; but he remembered the promise by which he was bound, and was silent.

"The Rocky Heights must be a good-sized place for a lonely man to live in: does he keep it all up?"

"Only the lower part," said Goldie.

"And the top for an observatory?"

"Oh yes—the top—"

"Ah! a fine glass is a fine thing, and to know how to use one is finer still. Was he reading about the stars to you?"

Goldie, in an under-tone, said "No!"

"He thinks there will be time for that another day; something of a sea story, I suppose it was?"

"Not a story."

"Not a story! What then?"

"It was the life of a man."

"Oh, biography! a most useful study; and what man was it?"

"Paul Jones," said Goldie, looking curiously into Mr. Marveldine's face as he said it.

"What! the Selkirk man?"

"He was very brave," said Goldie, colouring.

"Oh, very; rather a pity his bravery went the wrong way, though, like a sharp knife with the edge turned."

"But he was brought up in America; that was why he fought for the Americans; it was natural."

Goldie said this in so excited a tone that Mr. Marveldine, anxious to get to the depths of his knowledge on the matter, merely acquiesced, asking if he had come to the end of his story.

"No, only to where he was made rear-admiral by the Russians."

"Ah, then you've got the moral to come; he ended in disgrace and died in poverty."

Goldie didn't answer.

"If ever you take to the sea, my boy, I hope it will be as a gentleman," said Mr. Marveldine. "Paul Jones was a runaway Scotchman, a rebel to his country, and a plunderer of plate, as the Earl of Selkirk found to his loss. Are you going to follow in his wake? Your father will expect another sort of thing when he comes back, I fancy."

"My father always did what he liked," said Goldie, haughtily.

"How in the world do you know? you can't remember him."

"I do remember him, and if I didn't I know it," said the boy.

"Then you mean to have yours?"

"I'll try for it."

Mr. Marveldine surveyed the child in mute surprise.

"Don't tell my uncle," said Goldie, the fire in his eyes dying away.

"Tell him what?"

"Anything—what I said—I'm sorry—"

"Sorry you have let the cat out of the bag? pooh, pooh, we don't heed what young men of your age say: a little sea-sickness would very likely settle your love for sailing, and send you home very glad to play gentleman; but you have plenty to go through before that:

your schooling isn't begun; you must set yourself to work steadily and well, not only for your own sake but your uncle's."

"Why for his? I shan't love him more or less if I'm a sailor or not."

"Nonsense about being a sailor; when your father, who has set his heart on your being a scholar and so forth, comes home and finds you the very reverse of his wishes, think of the thanks your uncle would get for all his care of you."

"My uncle shall never be blamed; I'll go to school," said Goldie.

"Of course you will; and don't fill your head with such worthies as Paul Jones. Does your friend in gray admire him?"

Goldie was silent, and Mr. Marveldine proposed their going to join the party; but little Violet, whose hurt had been forgotten, and who had listened to the conversation with the boat of leaves in her hand, until she had fallen asleep leaning against Goldie's knee, prevented him from rising. Mr. Marveldine lifted her up and carried her to the house, his mind filled with the strange sway that the tenant of the Rocky Heights held over his young visitor.

CHAPTER XVIII.—VIOLET.

SEVERAL days passed away, and Goldie was not less alone than he had felt at his first entrance among the family at the Downs. The only individual to whom he seemed in the least attracted was little Violet, who, though as a rule shy and silent, was so charmed with his boat-building and launches on the pool, that she followed him like his shadow when out of the nurse's hands. He stole her whenever he could from the rest of the baby tribe, who were boys, and, according to their capacity, were entirely worthy of the name, so far as rudeness and roughness went. Whenever Mr. Marveldine inquired for him, Gerard referred him to Hugh, Hugh to May, and May declared entire ignorance of his doings, when, after a search, he was invariably found with Violet, who, at other times peevish from delicate health, was happiness itself when watching him at work for her, or playing with the novel toys he had made.

It was in vain Mr. Marveldine remonstrated, and told his boys he had brought him there to be shaken out of the effects of lonely habits, and they must, during their short holiday, do him good service, and rub him up for school. They declared he was fit for nothing but a dame's school; that he was, moreover, sulky and gloomy when interfered with, and much happier when left alone with Violet.

"Then there's the more need for you to set about him," was his constant reply to such statements. Nevertheless, time slipped on and no advance was made. If Hugh or Gerard went, in obedience to their father, to look for him, it was always in some place where they knew he was not to be found; and the younger ones seemed to feel him a creature so unlike themselves that they tacitly left him to the solitude he preferred.

"I'll tell you what it is, boys—you are a selfish pack; if he had been a fine fellow that you could have screwed some fun out of, you'd have made him like you, and tried to like him, but when it goes against the grain it makes all the difference. How shall I look his uncle in the face? Didn't he depend on what I could do for him? Do you mean to make me false to my word?"

This speech, uttered in no pacific tones, on the fifth morning of Goldie's visit, sent the young gentlemen in earnest to discover the wanderer and seduce him into their society; but little Violet, who met them, bearing in her arms a noble craft made of materials more pic-

turesque than seaworthy, told them he had gone away for a walk, which way she, being wholly taken up with her beautiful ship, did not seem to know; and it was agreed that to walk without any clue after a person who had no wish to be found was not inspiring, so the search was by common consent postponed.

Little notice was taken of his absence from table at dinner; it was no uncommon thing for one or another of the party to follow out some plan for pleasure or work at the expense of a meal.

"I dare say he has gone to St. Mildred's Mound; I told him he could see the sea from it last night, and he looked brighter than I have ever seen him, and said he should like to go," said Gerard.

"And you offered to walk with him?" said Mr. Marveldine.

Gerard couldn't say that such was the case.

His father shook his head and looked displeased.

"I had rather a long talk with him last night," said Hugh, trying to divert his father from the subject.

"What about?"

"I told him about school, and told him we had some fag to do against we went back, and what we did there, and how crusty old Fothergill got when we shirked work, and lots more."

"Of the same pleasant kind? That was a most promising way to help into love for school," said Mr. Marveldine.

"Oh, I told him he would soon get into it, and then I tried to find whereabouts he stood; but he slipped out of it, and slipped off, too, and I don't think, let me try as I will, I shall catch him for a talk again."

"He wants training, that's all; send him to me when he comes home, and you'd better walk towards St. Mildred's to meet him; if Gerard had done what he ought, he wouldn't have gone alone."

The multifarious concerns in which Mr. Marveldine was engaged prevented him from thinking any more about Goldie till the evening drew in, and there were no tidings of him. Hugh and Gerard had honestly been in quest of him, but without success, and it was with some uneasiness and much vexation that their father, with as many scouts as he could collect, now went forth to discover the wanderer and bring him back.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EDINBURGH JOURNALISM.

In the "Leisure Hour" of last September, I gave some "Old Edinburgh Recollections" of a very miscellaneous kind. There is one subject, that of "Edinburgh Journalism," of which I have very distinct recollections; and as I was employed, seventy years ago, in one of the principal newspaper offices, the "Edinburgh Advertiser," I trust I shall be able to produce a few anecdotes not altogether devoid of interest.

Towards the middle of the last century, Mr. Alexander Donaldson established himself in Edinburgh as a printer and bookseller. He printed cheap editions of works then popular, and generally undersold the London booksellers. In the index to Croker's "Boswell," he is put down as "Donaldson, Alexander, the piratical bookseller." It was still more provoking when he opened a shop in London. It was generally thought by the trade that when a person purchased a copyright it was in perpetuity by common law; but, after some litigation, the question was decided by the House of Lords, in 1774, in the case of Donaldson *v.* Becket, that no copyright subsists after the expiration of the several terms created by

the statute of Queen Anne.* When the House of Lords decided in favour of Mr. Donaldson, the Castlehill workmen held a jubilee on the occasion, parading with flags, drums, and other signs of triumph.

But Mr. Donaldson soon after turned his Edinburgh printing-house to a more profitable employment than multiplying or cheapening books. The rising contest about America was greatly agitating the public mind, and, to supply the craving for intelligence, an occasional slip of news was published. This shortly took the form of the "Edinburgh Advertiser," a regular newspaper, appearing twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday. When Mr. Alexander Donaldson retired, it was conducted by his son James; and as the stirring times of the first French Revolution occurred soon after, newspapers were in greater request than ever. Mr. Donaldson decidedly adopted the politics of Pitt and Dundas, and advocated their cause with no great delicacy towards those who differed from them. The "Edinburgh Advertiser" was carried on by very inexpensive means. No liberal fees were paid to reporters and correspondents; whatever news came by any chance, or could be extracted from the London newspapers, was sufficient for the northern provincial appetite. As yet the mighty "Times" was not. There was no profession of liberality or fairness in any London newspaper to its contemporaries; but each keenly fought for its own side. The "Sun" was understood to be the ministerial paper, and the "Courier" and "Star" to be seditious and in opposition. The "Morning Chronicle,"† conducted by Mr. Perry, and often containing articles by Mr. Fox and the Whig party, played an important part among the journals of the metropolis; but was too strong for the "Advertiser," and never entered its office to dilute or mollify its anti-jacobinism. This was the temper of the general public; hatred and fear of the French predominated, and the "Edinburgh Advertiser" prospered greatly.

Mr. Donaldson was not a highly-educated man, and seldom or never ventured on such leading articles as are now common in our enlightened days. He was satisfied with an occasional addition to a paragraph in a London newspaper, which, like "paper-sparing Pope," he scribbled on its margin in a handwriting so illegible that much of its deciphering was left to the judgment of the compositor.

In the days of the Howes, Jervises, and Nelsons, there were many naval engagements announced in the "London Gazette," ordinary and extraordinary; and, as the post took three days to come from London to Edinburgh, and the "Gazette" was published on Tuesday and Friday, as it still continues, it very generally happened that important news came on the publishing day of the "Edinburgh Advertiser." I remember well the news of the battle of the Nile coming on a Friday. Mr. Donaldson jocularly said that Mr. Pitt had agreed to favour him with early and authentic intelligence.

He lived for his paper, and did not go much into mixed

* This decision settled the law of copyright till a new Act of Parliament was passed in 1842, after a debate in which Lord Mahon, Macaulay, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Wakley took part, and in which a great deal of most interesting history was brought forward both as to literary men and the bookselling trade. The Act of 1842 gives a copyright of forty-two years, with the addition of seven more from the author's death, when the forty-two years shall have expired in his lifetime.

† "Couriers" and "Stars," sedition's evening host,
Thou "Morning Chronicle" and "Morning Post."
Whether ye make the Rights of Man your theme,
Your country libel, and your God blaspheme,
Or dirt on private worth and virtue throw,
Still blasphemous or blackguard, praise *Lepanx*."

See the poem "New Morality," by John Hookham Frere, in the "Antijacobin," 1798.

company. He was a bulky man, lived very luxuriously, and had often severe fits of the gout. One publishing day, his foot slipped on the ice in the Castle Hill, not far from the office, and when his men were giving him what assistance they could, he gruffly desired them to attend to their business in the printing-house.

In the gloomy year 1797, when the Bank was put under restrictions as to its issues in gold, when the sailors were in mutiny, and threats of invasion imminent, the Government invited and accepted voluntary contributions from all classes of people, for the defence of the country. Mr. Donaldson was confined to the house all that winter, and, when the genial spring of 1798 released him from his long imprisonment, he repaired to the place of subscribing to the Defence Fund, and put down his name for sixty guineas. In the line below he wrote, "A Seceder, 5s.," which had been sent to him in the currency of the time, a five-shilling note, under that signature, by one who approved of the politics of the English Government, and was pleased with the check apparently given to the pretensions of the Papacy. That was the year of the Irish Rebellion (1798), and the sale of the paper was much increased, as news arrived not unfrequently in Scotland sooner than in England.

About the year 1794, a most vexatious circumstance occurred. Some of the workmen in the printing-office took it into their heads to print what was called a seditious handbill, and to scatter it among the inhabitants of the Cowgate and other low streets, telling them it was how to get cheap sugar. The dangerous missile was traced to the "Advertiser" office, and it was a grievous blow to Mr. Donaldson to have a magistrate come to his immaculate premises to seize the printers of a seditious paper. The delinquents were not treated very harshly, but their connection with the printing-house was at an end; and soon afterwards an Act of Parliament was passed, requiring the name of the printer to appear on every book, pamphlet, or handbill. Nothing remarkable afterwards occurred in the history of the "Advertiser." It held the quiet tenor of its way year after year, till Mr. Donaldson resigned it in favour of Claud Muirhead, Esq., whose father had long been the principal manager and superintendent of the office. It was carried on in a respectable manner, till it at length ceased to be published about the year 1850.

When Mr. Donaldson himself was the active editor, it was his custom to be in the printing-office in the forenoons of Tuesday and Friday. The office entered from the street called the Castle Hill, and the windows behind looked to a glorious prospect of the country, bounded by the Pentland Hills. Conspicuous in the foreground was the beautiful hospital of George Heriot, the work of Inigo Jones; and this continually met the eye of Mr. Donaldson from the little apartment from which he directed the arrangement of his paper. It was doubtless the continual contemplation of this noble institution that determined his mind to leave his immense fortune, £400,000, to build an hospital grand and beneficent as that of the goldsmith of King James; and, as he had no family or any very near relations, he bequeathed his effects accordingly.

The multiplicity of hospitals about Edinburgh in imitation of George Heriot's is of very questionable benefit to the community. Those who have a right to the benefits of an hospital by belonging to certain guilds or trades are too often neglectful of the best interests of their children, whose family affections are rudely broken up. Hospitals for real orphans, or for the refuge of destitute but respectable persons in the decline of life, may be desirable when they are not too numerous, and when

they are conducted on proper principles. But a multitude of institutions merely to relieve parents of the cost and responsibility of training their children, must have a baneful influence on a class of citizens once distinguished for manly independence, and for self-denying zeal in the cause of education.

There were some informalities in the will, but all difficulties were removed by an Act of Parliament; and the building was planned by an eminent architect, Mr. Playfair, who had already signalized himself by the rearing of many classical structures in the city of Edinburgh. Under his auspices, Donaldson's hospital was erected; a building majestic and conspicuous not only from the great Glasgow road, but also from the Dean Valley, where it rises proudly from its rocky foundations. The only diminution from the praise of the building is, that it is too much a copy of the venerable and time-honoured Heriot's Hospital.

The principal contemporary newspapers* in Edinburgh were the "Caledonian Mercury," the oldest of them all, and the "Edinburgh Evening Courant," published on the mornings of Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, the property of David Ramsay, Esq. Both these papers were highly respectable and well conducted, but they seldom rose above the tame level of thought and composition which were then the normal style of provincial journalism. Occasionally the "Mercury" spoke in a bolder tone. But as, in the beginning of this century, the trumpet sound of the "Edinburgh Review" proclaimed to its monthly and quarterly brethren that the reign of dullness and mediocrity was at an end, so Edinburgh journalism was soon to hear a voice declaring that it must sleep no more; and the "Scotsman" boldly took its place among the startled and timid writers of the day. In an interesting memoir of Charles MacLaren, Esq., inserted in the "Scotsman" of September 12, 1866, an account was given of the originating of that paper, by him and his friend Mr. William Ritchie, at a time when all was dark and disheartening to the friends of liberty and progress; and to this article we refer for the incidents that led to the starting of an independent newspaper; and for an account of the amiable character and accomplishments of Mr. MacLaren, who was so long its chief ornament and support. The first number was issued on the 25th January, 1817, and its leading article was by Mr. MacLaren.

Soon after the starting of the paper, Mr. Ritchie was called to the Continent on business, and detained there for some months. In his absence a new and valuable coadjutor came to Mr. MacLaren's aid, the late Mr. John Ramsay M'Culloch, the afterwards eminent statistician and economist. He sent a contribution to the fourth number, and a subsequent interview led to Mr. M'Culloch temporarily assuming the position of responsible editor of the yet infant journal. Though Mr. M'Culloch was known as editor, much of the labour and responsibility was borne by Mr. MacLaren during the first year of its existence. Throughout 1818 and 1819 Mr. MacLaren left most of the editorial work in Mr. M'Culloch's hands. In 1820, the paper by that time being pretty well established, Mr. MacLaren resumed the editorship, Mr. M'Culloch continuing a frequent contributor until his removal to London several years afterwards.

The "Scotsman" originally was published once a week, and from 1823 till the abolition of the news-

paper stamp in 1855, twice a week. It is at present a daily paper.

Very few persons can now form any adequate idea of the magnitude of the work which in 1817 Charles MacLaren set himself to do, and how much he did. The people of Scotland were absolutely without voice either in vote or speech. Parliamentary elections, municipal government, the management of public bodies, all was in the hands of a few hundreds of persons. In Edinburgh, for instance—and the capital was even too favourable an instance—the member of Parliament was elected, and the government of the city carried on by thirty-three persons; and almost all these thirty-three took their directions from the government of the day or its pro-consul. Public meetings were almost unknown, and a free press may be said never to have had an existence. Lord Cockburn, in his "Life of Jeffrey," says, "I doubt if there was a public meeting held in Edinburgh between the year 1795 and the year 1820;" and adds, writing in 1852, that, "excepting some vulgar, stupid, and rash newspapers, which lasted only a few days, there was no respectable opposition paper till the appearance of the 'Scotsman,' which for thirty-five years has done so much for the popular cause, not merely by talent, spirit, and consistency, but by independent moderation." Such was the testimony given to the endeavours and success of Mr. MacLaren, by one pre-eminently qualified to judge of them, and in the calm maturity of long experience.

The "Caledonian Mercury" has already been mentioned as the oldest Edinburgh newspaper. I have before me a reprint of its first number, a small octavo of eight pages, bearing date "From Monday, December 31, to Tuesday, January 8, 1661." Its title is "Mercurius Caledonius. Comprising the Affairs now in Agitation in Scotland: with a Survey of Foreign Intelligence."* The "Scottish affairs" belong chiefly to the Earl of Middleton's reception in Edinburgh, when he came as Commissioner to establish the kingdom of Charles II, after the Restoration. This was the beginning of what proved to be more than "an agitation" in Scotland. For twenty-eight years the country was plunged into trouble and mourning by the tyranny of Charles and his brother James, aided by the dragoons and massacres of Dalzell and Claverhouse. However, the first number of the "Mercury" was all bright and jubilant. The second number bore date "From Tuesday, 8 January, to Wednesday, 16 January," sixteen pages. After a time the paper seems to have been suppressed, apparently by the ruling powers. The first editor was Thomas Sydderff, son of the then Bishop of Orkney. The price of the early numbers cannot now be ascertained.

On the 28th April, 1720, the "Mercury" reappeared in shape of a goodly-sized folio of six pages, on fine paper and in very bold type. It was then published thrice a week at three-halfpence a copy. In 1745 we have an interesting glimpse of its existence, at least in the recollections of genius; for we find in Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley" this passage:—"To the latter she (Flora MacIvor) likewise gave three of four numbers of

* Among the "foreign intelligence" there are the following items:—
"Rome Decemb. 3.—The two Kings of France and Spain are like to concern themselves to have the Pope restore Castro to the Duke of Parma, that of Comasco to Modena, and Montefeltro to the Duke of Florence; But it is thought the Camera Apostolica will hazard a War, rather than part with such considerable morsels."

"Hamburg Decemb. 14.—The Pollanders victorious against the Muscovites, and Queen Christina of Sweden dispairing to recover her Sovereignty, is ready to part from that Kingdom, the Swedes resolved to prosecute the War against Muscovia."

* In 1800 an official paper, "The Edinburgh Gazette," appeared for a short time. In 1809 the paper was revived by Captain James Donaldson, and has since existed with various vicissitudes. But it never exerted any influence as a political journal.

the 'Caledonian Mercury,' the only paper then published to the north of the Tweed." When I knew the Edinburgh press, editorial or leading articles were not regular in the "Mercury," but there were summaries of news, with comments, and occasional articles on subjects interesting to Scotland and to the citizens of Edinburgh. About the year 1809 there were able articles on the removal of restrictions from commerce with France. The principles of Adam Smith, or of "Free Trade," as now popularly received, have been always steadily and consistently advocated by the "Mercury."

The "Edinburgh Courant" was commenced in 1705, and continued till 1710, under the direction of Mr. Adam Boig. A new paper, under the title of "The Edinburgh Evening Courant," then appeared, the first editor being no less a personage than Daniel Defoe. A fresh start was made in 1718, from which date it has continued to the present day.* As long as I can remember the "Courant," it has been the advocate of what are now called "conservative" principles, and has been always conducted in a manner that commended it, more than any other paper, to the support of the "upper classes." It flourishes now as a daily paper.

In 1840, when many ministers and laymen of the Established Church of Scotland deemed themselves aggrieved by the decision of the Civil Courts on the question of the patronage of the parish of Auchterarder, ratified as they had been by the House of Lords, it was thought advisable to set up a newspaper, in order to state the principles which they considered as involved in the question, and to arouse the attention of the people of Scotland to the dangers which were impending over their religious liberties. For this purpose they established the "Witness" newspaper in Edinburgh, and committed the editorship to Hugh Miller, then accountant in a banking-house in Cromarty, of which place he was a native. Originally a working stonemason, he had educated himself with matchless skill and success. With all the best English literature he had made himself familiar. He studied the ancient classics with the help of the best translations, and could use them on occasion with the dexterity and propriety familiar to university men and practised scholars.

His own English style was so perfect that Baron Hume complimented him as having "rediscovered one of the lost arts, that of writing good English." "I would give my left hand to possess such powers of description as this man has," said Dean Buckland, himself no mean master of graphic scientific writing. Rival editors acknowledged that he gave to the newspaper press of Scotland dignity and character. The vigour and completeness of his articles were the admiration alike of his own party and of the public, and of friends and opponents among his contemporaries. His critical papers on subjects of varied range, poetry, morality, works of fiction, natural or social science, were worthy of the most judicious and skilful critics of any age or nation. In private life he was modest and unassuming; and when his over-wrought intellect brought his life to an untimely end, the lamentations of England and Scotland alike were loud, sincere, and universal. He was a noble specimen of a self-educated working-man; and left to those of "his own order" a striking example of virtue, self-denial, and manly independence.

After his death in 1856, his newspaper lingered on a

few years longer; but Hugh Miller was the "Witness." He and it had done their work, and done it well; other times and other questions occupied the attention of another generation; and accordingly on the 27th of February, 1864, the following farewell appeared:—"In issuing the 'Witness' of to-day, we place its last number in the hands of that Scottish public, of whose highest interests—political, ecclesiastical, and social—it has been the advocate for a quarter of a century, and from whom it has received a support of which its proprietors are deeply sensible."

As was to be expected, the "Scotsman" and "Witness" differed widely on ecclesiastical subjects; but their editors were united by the freemasonry of true science, especially in geology; and respected each other as men of talent, integrity, honour, and real worth.

JOHN KEBLE.

II.



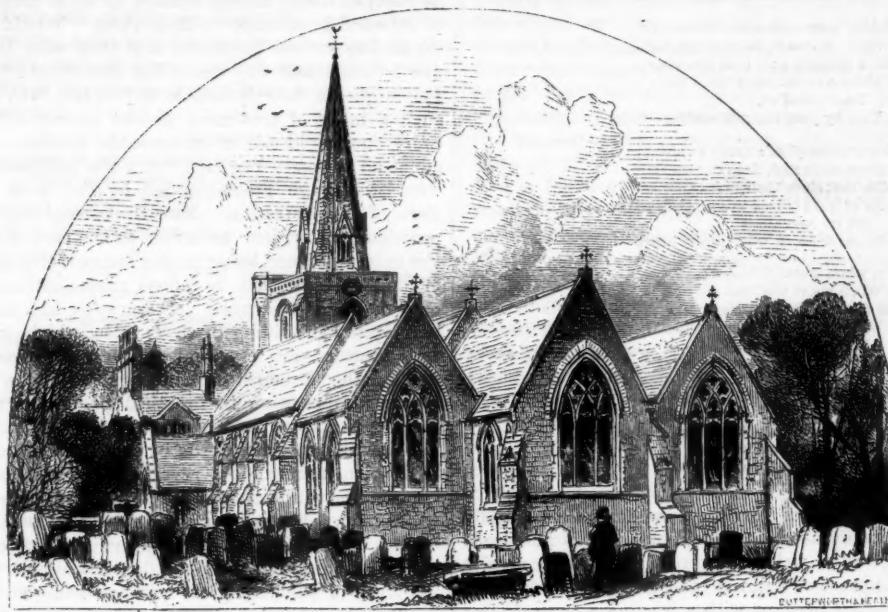
HURSLEY VICARAGE.

We must now recur to a few simple leading facts in Mr. Keble's biography. In the autumn of 1825 he became curate of Hursley, but before long the fatal illness of a sister recalled him to Fairford, where he was for years his father's curate. After the publication of the "Christian Year," he issued his edition of "Hooker's Works," which is, and probably always will be, the standard edition of that great author. In 1831 he was elected, without opposition, to the Poetry Professorship at Oxford. "I must do my best now. My notion is to consider poetry as a vent for overcharged feelings or a full imagination, and so account for the various classes into which poets naturally fall, by reference to the various objects which are apt to fill and overpower the mind, so as to require that sort of relief. Then there will come in a grand distinction between what I call primary and secondary poets—the first *poetising* for their own relief, the second for any other reason." It can barely be doubted that, according to this thoughtful distinction, Keble was himself a primary poet. His Latin lectures on poetry have been published. No one can recur to these volumes without being struck by the noble thoughts which are clothed with his beautiful Latinity. He frequently discussed with his friends the propriety of issuing an English version; this, however, he was never able to decide definitely in the affirmative, and it

* In 1850 (Feb. 18) a very interesting history of the "Courant," and Scottish journalism generally, was published by its then editor, the late Dr. Joseph Robertson, afterwards of the Register House, the Record Office of Scotland.

must, we think, be a matter of general regret that these lectures were not originally delivered in English. In 1835 his venerable father died after the illness of a few

contains various pieces in nowise inferior to the "Christian Year." Very beautiful is the "Song of the Manna Gatherers." The whole is too long for quotation, but



HURSLEY CHURCH.

weeks, retaining his faculties to the last. After a time Mr. Keble married a lady who was the daughter of an old college friend of his father's, and a neighbouring incumbent. In this same year, 1835, he was preferred to the vicarage of Hursley. It should also be mentioned that he took some share in the "Tracts for the Times," "Library of the Fathers," and the library of "Anglo-Catholic Theology," to the last of which he contributed his important "Life of Bishop Wilson."

When Mr. Keble entered upon the charge of Hursley Church, he found it "an indifferent specimen of that bad type, the common Hampshire parish church of flint and rubble." It became his passionate desire to rebuild this church. "Keble, in his own manners and dress, was the simplest and least formal of men; but, for the house of God and the services of the church, he thought nothing too beautiful or costly." (Sir J. T. Coleridge.) With a perfect abnegation of his own interests, he determined to rebuild the church at his own cost. This was a cause of much anxiety and difficulty. The "Christian Year" was now producing considerable and regular profits. But, though this would pay for the church eventually, yet it would not supply the large sum immediately required. He had some thoughts, we are told, of selling the copyright. Instead of this, he published his "Lyra Innocentium, Thoughts in Verse on Christian Children, their Ways and their Privileges," composed in part long before, but completed and published with the view of raising means for the accomplishment of his favourite object. No parent ever had such tender love and regard for the little ones as had this childless man. He took as the motto of the work, "Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them." The "Lyra Innocentium" has passed through various editions, but it has never attained to the wide-spread popularity of the "Christian Year." Yet it

we give a portion, and this portion must serve as our meed of extract from the volume:—

Comrades, haste! the tent's pale shading
Lies along the level sand
Far and faint: the stars are fading
O'er the gleaming western strand.
Airs of morning
Freshen the bleak burning land.

Haste! or ere the third hour glowing,
With its eager thirst prevail,
O'er the moist pearls now bestrewing
Thymy slope and rushy vale—
Dews celestial
Left when earthly dews exhale.

Ere the bright good hour be wasted,
Glean, not wavering, nor in sloth;
To your tent bring all untasted;
To thy Father, nothing loth,
Bring thy ephah;
Trust thy God and keep thy troth.

Trust him: care not for the morrow;
Should thine omer overflow,
And some poorer seek to borrow,
Be thy gift nor scant nor slow.
Wouldst thou store it?
Ope thine hand and let it go.

Trust his daily work of wonder
Wrought in all his people's right;
Think on you high place of thunder,
Think upon the unearthly light
Brought from Sinai,
When the prophet's face grew bright.

Comrades, what our sires have told us—
Watch and wait, for it will come:
Smiling vales shall soon enfold us
In a new and vernal home;
Earth will feed us
From her own benignant womb.

We beside the wondrous river
In the appointed hour shall stand,
Following as from Egypt ever
Thy bright cloud and unstretched hand;

In thy shadow
We shall rest on Abraham's land.

Not by manna showers at morning
Shall our board be then supplied,
But a strange, pale gold adorning
Many a tufted mountain's side,
Yearly feed us,
Year by year our murmurings chide.

There no prophet's touch awaiting,
From each cool, deep cavern start
Rills, that since their first creating
Ne'er have ceased to sing their part.
Oft we hear them
In our dreams, with thirsty heart.

Oh, when travel-toils are over,
When above our tranquil nest
All our guardian angels hover,
Will our hearts be quite at rest?
Nay, fair Canaan,
Is not heavenly treasure best?

Deeps of blessing are before us;
Only when the desert sky
And the sheltering cloud hang o'er us,
Morn by morn, obediently
Glean we manna,
And the song of Moses try.

But any estimate of Mr. Keble would be essentially defective that omitted to take notice of his numerous contributions as a writer of prose works. Generally speaking, the prose of poets is exceedingly good, forcible, and eloquent, but perhaps with a weakness towards fine writing. It would be very difficult, however, to gather from Mr. Keble's prose writings that he was anything of a poet. His style is dry, dry almost to the extent of being repellent; a style singularly simple and unadorned, at the same time with a subtlety and tendency to metaphysical reasoning, which make him unattractive and obscure to a careless reader. In his sermons preached before the University of Oxford, he makes free use of Aristotle and Plato, ancient writers with whom his own mind was thoroughly imbued, and with whom he assumed that his auditory were equally acquainted. But especially the influence of Bishop Butler was predominant in his mind, and is clearly visible in nearly all his prose works. He has made constant use of Butler's argument from Probability. We take a passage which will exemplify this turn of mind:—

"To a dispassionate sceptic it must surely seem worth considering why those Christians, who were freed from all enthusiasm, those who have had the meanest opinion of themselves, and were least disposed to lean upon their own understanding, have always been found most uncompromising, and, if the expression may be so used, most stubborn in their conviction of the truth of the Gospel, and of the soundness of its practical rules. The story of the old peasant, who silenced, as is said, an Arian disputer by merely repeating the Apostles' Creed, might stand as a specimen of the mode and ground of belief to which I am now referring, and in which it best becomes busy and unlearned Christians to acquiesce. Among wilful gainsayers, or rabid, inconsiderate observers, it may pass, indeed, for bigotry or prejudice. But a very little reflection will show that it is what, on all other subjects, must ever be accounted true practical wisdom. It is no more than abiding by the dictates of experience, not in defiance, but in default, of theoretical and argumentative knowledge.

"For example: suppose that on the day of a child's birth a collection of writings should be put into the hands of his parents, purporting to contain rules for the

management of his diet and regimen; and suppose that, after having tried them for years, he found them in all respects satisfactory and efficient; found that he could not swerve from them without being ill, and that he enjoyed bodily health exactly in such proportion as he adhered in practice to these rules. Would it not be reasonable for him to believe that they were left for his use by some one who knew his constitution perfectly? He might be utterly unable to explain why and how such a mode of treatment should answer so well; yet every one would call it inexcusable rashness in him to adopt an opposite regimen upon the suggestion of any theorist, though recommended by the most plausible show of demonstration. Now the care of the soul is a practical matter, just as much as the care of the body, the only difference being in the comparative importance of the two; and that is indeed unspeakable. But this only makes it the more necessary for him to be very peremptory in abiding by those rules, which, in all practical matters, are essential to their well-doing. And one of the foremost of these is 'never to act upon reason in opposition to practical principles, which the Author of nature gives us to act upon,' which canon, laid down in so many words by one of the safest teachers of religion, natural and revealed, that ever blessed the Church, may indeed be much abused and misapplied by wilful men. But one may venture to affirm that it can be no abuse of it to say concerning that conviction, which humble and sober-minded Christians possess of the truth of their religion, without being able at all to argue upon it, that such conviction, being supported by the growing experience of a well-spent life, is indeed a practical principle given them by God Almighty for their good, and ought not to be parted with on any account, or for any argument whatever.

"The analogy to which I just now referred suggests the further remark that, to a candid sceptic, the argument, from the authority of implicit believers, is cumulative; *i.e.*, a fresh argument is added every time a new instance is observed of a man's finding his happiness in Christianity, whether he be rich or poor, learned or ignorant. Just as in the case of bodily health, if a person, comparing his own experience with that of his neighbours, should find that they also had received from the same authority a similar set of prescriptions, and always, when fairly tried, with the same unerring result, could he deem less of the author than that he was an universal, infallible physician?

"The blame, therefore, of begging the question, which the infidel is continually throwing upon the implicit believer, must recoil at least upon himself. For it is he who takes upon him to judge, without trial, of the result of certain rules of conduct, in direct opposition to all those who have actually tried them."

This is a specimen of argument such as Butler himself would have delighted in. All Mr. Keble's prose compositions show great thought in the writer, and exact serious thought in the reader. The above is a fair specimen of his prose style. The narrative portion of the "Life of Bishop Wilson" may be more interesting; but his controversial writings will be much less attractive even than our quotation to the general reader. Yet, in one respect at least, Keble is the very model for controversialists. He never for a moment loses his temper. Amid the angriest discussions of the day he preserves as calm and even a tone as if he was speaking of some abstract question discussed centuries ago. His perfect serenity is never marred, and towards his opponents he always evidences courtesy and sympathy.

For thirty years he continued vicar of Hursley. His

plans about his church were all accomplished. He rebuilt the whole of it with the exception of the tower, which was altered so as to harmonise with the new structure and receive the spire. His own means, derived from his writings, defrayed the expense, and he anxiously superintended the whole of the processes. The patron of the living gave the spire, and various friends filled all the windows with stained glass. In his splendid liberality he exemplified his own verse, which we might all deeply lay to heart :—

Largely thou givest, gracious Lord,
Largely thy gifts should be restor'd;
Freely thou givest, and thy Word
Is, "Freely give."
He only, who forgets to hoard,
Has learn'd to live.

Thus, year by year, he moved about in the secluded ways of his country parish, in daily ministrations in his church, and among the sick and poor. We again recall his own lines :—

Nor let the Pastor's thankful eye
Their faltering tale disdain,
As on their lowly couch they lie,
Prisoners of want and pain.

O guide us, when our faithless hearts
From thee would start aloof,
Where Patience her sweet skill imparts
Beneath some cottage roof:

Revive our dying fires, to burn
High as her anthems soar,
And of our scholars let us learn
Our own forgotten lore.

In every good work and way we find him taking the liveliest interest. In a biography (Memoirs of Joshua Watson) we find him contributing to a curates' society, and writing, "One has the comfort of thinking that, whether it succeeds to any extent or no, it must, as far as it goes, do unmixed good." A letter from an American clergyman alludes thus to meeting him : "I look back on that interview of one short hour as a golden spot in memory ; it was so in keeping with the gentle author of the 'Christian Year,' with his winning and loving nature, that came out like sunshine upon us all, making us happier and better for being with him. We were all very much struck with the simplicity and childlike ease of his ways. His fine parts were so wonderfully softened by the richer gifts of grace that I thought I had never seen either scholar or divine so attractive." In these latter years he seems gradually to have given up the once-absorbing pursuit of poetry, and to have addressed himself more exclusively to the practical religious matters of his parish and the country. His attached friend Judge Coleridge thus describes him : "He had not, in the popular sense, great gifts of delivery ; his voice was not powerful, nor was his ear perfect for harmony of sound ; but I think it was difficult not to be impressed deeply both by his reading and his preaching. When he read, you saw that he felt, and he made you feel that he was the servant of God, delivering his words, or leading you, but as one of like infirmities and sins with your own, in your prayers. When he preached, it was with an affectionate simplicity and hearty earnestness which were very moving ; and the sermons themselves were at all times full of that abundant scriptural knowledge which was the most remarkable quality in him as a divine ; it has always seemed to me among the most striking characteristics of the 'Christian Year.' " He once said to a friend who was walking with him, "It was on this spot that I received the greatest blow of my life, the news that Newman had gone over to

Rome." It has only been the writer's personal lot to witness a single public appearance made by Mr. Keble. *Vidi tantum*. The occasion was memorable. It was at the Bristol Church Congress of 1864. The news was rapidly spread that Keble was to speak in the section in the afternoon. The room where the section met was considerably smaller than the other, and it was thronged. I am sure that it was with deep feeling that most of us for the first time gazed upon the author of the "Christian Year." We seemed to recognise at once the venerable form, the kindly aspect, the good gray hairs of the old man. His speech was in accordance. It was inornate and almost inelegant ; he rather stammered. Yet the most renowned orator might have envied the eagerness with which this large meeting of clergy and others hung upon his words, and the intense sympathy and love which they were anxious to express. I remember the leading point of his speech was a very plaintive one, the grief of mothers when they found their sons falling into infidel ways. It was something to have seen and heard Keble.

Of late years the health of his wife had been such that for several winters they had left Hursley and gone into winter quarters. Thus they resorted, on different occasions, to Penzance, Torquay, and Bournemouth. Sir J. T. Coleridge, in his memorial letter, to which we have already been so greatly indebted, has given some particulars of his residence at Torquay. He was always willing to assist the clergy to the utmost of his strength, and in one instance gave a course of lectures, and he is spoken of as producing an ineffaceable impression. "It was a real consolation to him to be thus in his Master's work, and it is pleasant to think that a sense of his holiness, his sweet simplicity, and the sterling goodness of what he preached, should produce such a recognition of him as he met with at Torquay. It was characteristic of him that, when giving help at Torquay, he preferred, if left to his own choice, to preach in the small church in the rural district of Cockington." The learned writer we quote states that he does "not know what his course was at Penzance." Having some acquaintance with Penzance, we may venture to supply the omission. It was very much the same as at Torquay. Maintaining a kindly, genial influence with all the friends whom he found at Penzance ; assisting at the services of St. Mary's whenever he could be of real aid, and beguiling his time with books, and cheerful converse, and letter writing. At Penzance he is fully remembered, and his slightest relique treasured.

Hitherto the chief concern had been for the health of Mrs. Keble. But, on the last day of November, 1864, a few weeks after the Bristol meeting, he had his first paralytic seizure. They went to Penzance, when the health of both steadily advanced, and he then returned to Hursley in the early summer of last year. There they remained till the autumn, the last autumn that he was to move about those fields and woodlands, familiar and beloved.

How quiet shows the woodland scene !
Each flower and tree, its duty done,
Reposing in decay serene,
Like weary men when age is wan,
Each calm old age as conscience pure
And self-commanding hearts ensure,
Waiting their summons to the sky,
—Content to live, but not afraid to die.

Mrs. Keble's health steadily declined, but his own continued good. Such had been the state of things when, on the 29th of March, 1866, having suffered a few days' illness, he passed away. His wife and widow survived him only a few weeks. Before she too passed, she learned,

with pleasure and delight, that the Keble Memorial College was to be established at Oxford, for the education of poor young men for the ministry. Within a few months from his death more than half of the necessary fifty thousand pounds have been subscribed. No poet before has ever had so stately a monument. But he has a more enduring monument still in the living stones of the temple which, under God, he has been enabled to build up, the lives of those whom, under God, he has assisted in guiding into the ways of peace.

SALMON LADDERS.

BY FRANK BUCKLAND, M.A., F.Z.S.

AMIDST the numerous instances of "the power, wisdom, and goodness of God as manifested in the creation" * there is no more extraordinary or beautiful provision for the benefit of man, than that a salmon, being a sea fish proper, should actually run up from the sea into the heart of the land. They will run from the Atlantic right into the heart of Ireland; they traverse Scotland in all directions; and they would do the same for England, and, in fact, would come to our very doors if allowed to do so, and yet, in our *extreme wisdom*, we say to the fish, You shall do nothing of the kind. We literally fasten up the hall doors of the river with huge "locks," and practically chalk upon them "No admittance, even on business." "C'est défendu de passer par ici."

A river fishery may be likened to a tree; the trunk of the tree will be represented by the main river, the branches by the tributaries, running up among the inland hills and mountains, and the root of the tree by the ocean itself. When we go out bird-nesting, we look for the nests of the birds, not at the root or along the trunk of the tree, but at the top of it, among the branches. It is just so with the salmon. They always make for the branches of their water tree, the small tributaries, in order to make their nests.

The salmon, when out of condition and unfit for human food, goes down to the sea. And what does he do there? Not a single human being knows what he does; but we do know, however, that he goes down a poor, miserable-looking, lean thing, but comes back a plump, fat, jolly, silver-scaled fellow. How he manages to get so fat is no business of ours: that is his look-out. We only know that he finds good food in the estuaries of rivers; and a most curious thing it is in the history of the salmon that, as the swallow returns to her own nest, the bee to its own hive, or the pigeon to its own dovecot, so the salmon always returns home to its own river, if not captured or destroyed by its numerous enemies during its journey. The best instance of this has been communicated to me by my friend the Earl of Dunmore. He caught, on his property in the Isle of Harris, in the Hebrides, some twenty or thirty fish. These he marked and carried alive in his yacht to the opposite side of the island, where they were turned into a lake. In the course of the same season in which they were transported, it was ascertained that some of these very fish had come back again, all the way home, a circuit of forty miles at least, through the pathless waters of the broad Atlantic. They must, in their course, have passed the mouths of six or seven rivers, up which they did *not* ascend, though there was nothing in the world to prevent them. Such is one of many instances of the wondrous power which guides salmon back to their own river.

It may be asked why should the salmon wish to go up

the river at all? He is compelled so to do by that curious faculty totally unknown to the human species—the same which guides migratory birds in their mid-air journeys from English woodlands to the warm regions of Africa.

This faculty we call "instinct," a word not nearly expressive enough. I much wish some one would suggest a better. One reads that the salmon seeks fresh water to get rid of the parasitic insects—the sea lice of the fishermen. This, in my belief, is a simple accident. I attribute his journey to a much higher cause. The ultimate object of the salmon is to get to the upper waters to lay their eggs; for no salmon ever has or ever will breed in the sea, though an old Act forbids pigs to be allowed to wander along the shore at certain seasons, because they eat the salmon eggs. An impulsive instinct teaches the salmon that, in order that its young should hatch and thrive, the eggs *must* be deposited in gravel, and that shallow, rapid, and cold water must go over them. These conditions are to be found only in the upper tributaries of a river, and it seeks them accordingly. The fish, having performed its task of building its nest and laying its eggs, returns to the sea to recruit its strength.

In many landscapes a weir, or, may be, a mill-dam, is introduced as an object ornamental and pleasing to the eye. To my mind, there is no greater abomination than one of these weirs or mill-dams, unless there is a salmon ladder present to allow the fish to pass over the obstruction. Supposing, reader, you yourself were a salmon, and you came to a mill-dam, why, what would you do? You would jump at it of course, but you would not "jump for joy;" you would jump for grief. People go to the weirs to see the salmon jump. Do you suppose for a minute that they jump to please you? Would you jump to please the salmon? Certainly you would not.

The salmon jumps in order to get over the weir; and it is our business to help him over, for the simple reason that for this small kindness on our part it will go up the stream and lay, for our special benefit, a large number of eggs. The average number of eggs that each salmon bears, according to the observation of my excellent friend Mr. Ashworth, the spirited owner of the Galway fishery, is 650 to the pound, and not 1000, as has been previously stated. Thus, a female salmon weighing ten pounds would, if left alone, deposit her progeny to the number of 6500.

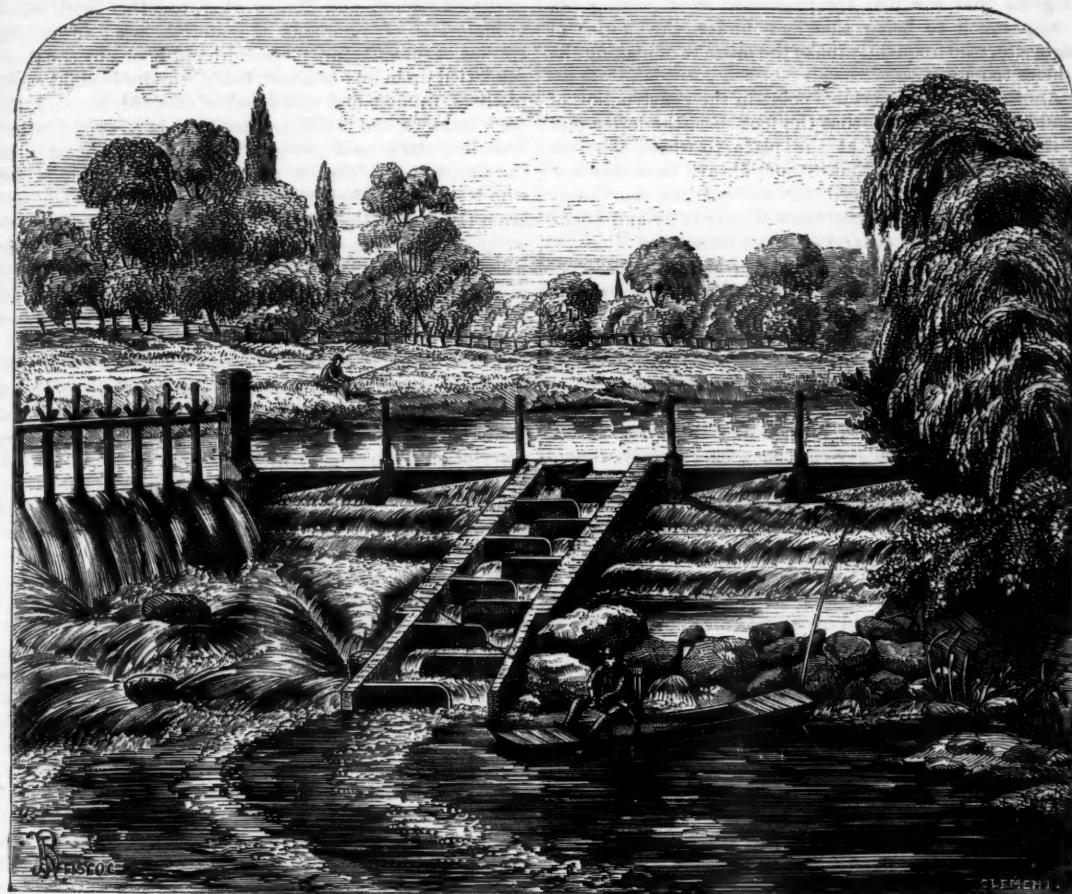
This same gentleman has, from long observation and experience, come to the conclusion that it will require four years to produce a marketable fish of the average weight of seven pounds. A seven-pound fish in the London market would be worth, when in prime condition, some ten shillings. We will suppose that two-thirds of the 6500 eggs are destroyed, and that the remaining third becomes fish; that is, about 2167, each worth ten shillings, or £1083 10s. This calculation would do well for a prospectus of one of the new companies that are now so frequently brought to our notice, and certainly would, I think, be within "the limit of liabilities" to which the salmon is heir. But, unfortunately for the calculation, facts would seem to prove that, out of 6500 eggs deposited by a mother fish, only *one fish* is ever caught by, or becomes the food of man; and, from calculations made relative to the produce of the river Tay, Mr. Ashworth shows that, in order to produce marketable salmon to the number of 2000, seventy millions of eggs must be deposited. The causes of this enormous destruction are well known; many may be obviated by man, some cannot be remedied as far as our present knowledge goes; at all events this

* See the will of the Right Hon. and Reverend Francis Henry, Earl of Bridgewater, the founder of the "Bridgewater Treatises."

proves the great necessity there exists that the attention of scientific men should be brought to bear upon and co-operate with the practical knowledge in this branch of water culture.

The first and most obvious thing, however, is to let

left-hand side of the picture. The poor fish, disappointed and tired, would, therefore, "nose" up and down the edge of the weir, in order to find a way up. He would shortly find the water coming down the foot of the ladder. Laziness is a characteristic of fish, as well



SALMON LADDERS, MOULSEY WEIR, NEAR HAMPTON.

the fish up over the weirs to the spawning ground; and this is done by what is called a "salmon ladder." The illustration gives a good idea of a salmon ladder at work. If it be properly constructed, and properly placed, the fish will be able by means of it to pass by the weir every day in the season during which they are running up. Supposing a salmon arrives at the foot of the weir at the point where may be seen a man fishing out of a punt—totally against the law by the way, but *artistic* purposes are probably served—he would (if not frightened by the apparatus) attempt to struggle up through the sheet of water which is seen running over the weir on one side of the ladder; an operation in which as great an average of fish would fail as the average of young men, who think, when they first enter at Oxford, that they will leave it as "double first-class" men, also fail in their attempts to scale the ladder of learning.

It would be perfectly impossible, even if the fish were to charge the obstruction with the velocity and pluck of a steeplechase horse going at a high bullfinch hedge, or Leicester "post and rails," for the fish to get through the avalanche of water that is pouring down between the paddles of the weir, as represented on the

as of human beings; and the fish, like a human being, would sooner surmount the difficulty by a comfortable staircase than by jumping his liver out with the chance of success. Having found out the ladder, he would immediately pop round the corner of the first cross-piece of the ladder, when he would find himself in a nice broad chamber. He would then go round the corner into the second, third, fourth, fifth chambers, and so on, till he arrived at the top opening of the ladder, whence he would swim out into the main stream with the same ease as the barn-cat goes in and out of the hole cut for her accommodation in the granary door.

To build a salmon ladder properly, the walls or sides should be from eighteen to twenty inches high, and can either be made of stone, brickwork, or wood. The cross-pieces, which are known as "the stops," should be eighteen inches high; and the best material for their construction is cast iron. They must be fixed in their places very firmly, to stand the rush of water. The gap at the end of each stop should not be less than twelve inches. Each chamber must be at least four feet square; and, when the water in the ladder is twelve inches in depth, the fish can ascend with ease, according to the

great experience of W. Ffennell, Esq., Inspector of Fisheries. The angle which the ladder ought to assume from the top of the weir to the water below is the incline of one in five; one in six or seven, however, would be better. If the incline be steeper than this, and the run of the ladder a long one, the torrent of water is so great that the fish are prevented from getting up. I wish much to bring this fact under the notice of engineers, who frequently make the mistake of making the ladders too steep.

Another most important point in the construction of a ladder is to recollect that the foot—i.e., the lower end of it—must always be at the place to which the fish naturally head up, and that it must always be at the foot of the weir. If prolonged too far out into the “tumbling bay” of the weir, the fish will pass it by and never find it. Pray mind this; it is most important.

The illustration, from the pencil of Mr. Hyde Briscoe, is a representation of the salmon ladder lately erected over the weir at Moulsey, near to Hampton Court, by the great liberality of the Thames Board of Conservancy, at the representations of the Thames Angling Preservation Society. The Board of Conservancy have also erected a similar ladder over the weir at Teddington. I advise my readers to examine them for themselves. That at Moulsey can be seen from Hampton Court Bridge.

The stones of which these ladders are built have previously done good service in our noble Thames, for they formed part of old Blackfriars Bridge, and are now once more set to useful work.

By many people the construction of these ladders on the Thames has been held up to ridicule; but we have a proof, and a strong one too, that the fish—white fish at present, salmon we trust soon—do use these ladders, as poachers have been known to set their nets by the ladder in order to intercept the fish while passing up. The ladder which I am now describing has been examined by Mr. Ffennell, the senior Inspector of Fisheries, and pronounced efficient.

Should my reader be unable to examine these ladders on the Thames, he may see a model, erected by the late lamented son of Mr. Ffennell, in my “Museum of Economic Fish Culture,” at the Royal Horticultural Gardens, South Kensington. The model is in working order, and I generally have fish which will go up it for the amusement and instruction of visitors. These fish, however, require some amount of training to perform properly, and they often get cunning and will not work, finding, I suppose, that they gain no advantage by going up the ladder, and that they are only being made fools of by the attendant Neville, who will at all times explain the action of the ladder to visitors.

NIGHT SALES BY AUCTION.

To most of our readers the subject of a sale by night in a London auction room will probably be a novelty, seeing that it is a standing rule in the auctioneering business to begin sales sufficiently early in the day to allow of finishing before dark. There are, however, various descriptions of goods which, from some cause or other, it has been the custom to sell by night in establishments devoted exclusively to the purpose, and which are open for the convenience of that numerous class of buyers who might not have leisure in the day to attend such sales. The goods are of all imaginable kinds, but as a rule they are of no great value. Among them will be found the refuse of tradesmen's shop-stock which remains after the

“selling-off” process has done its utmost; effects of insolvent small dealers, and of bankrupt petty traders seized for rent; the furniture of defaulting lodgers, the “few sticks,” as they are termed, of some poor widow or struggling sempstress whose hard-fought battle of life has ended in apparent defeat; the implements and tools of the craftsman and handworker, together with stores of materials or remnants of materials used in various species of manufacture; second-hand books by the thousand, tied up in lots of about half a hundredweight each; pictures, framed and unframed, of the old masters, the dark masters, and the dingy masters, in a ragged tatterdemalion state—and pictures, too, of modern masters in the future tense, that is to say, of young tyros in art who have as yet their mastery to win. And in addition are a thousand other things which but to name were to write a heterogeneous catalogue of odds and ends, in which curiosities and antiquities of all kinds rather the worse for wear, and the untoward accidents to which such properties are liable, would cut a prominent figure.

These various commodities are “on view” during the day-time, when it is sometimes worth while to glance over the chaos they present in the show-rooms and salerooms and the approaches to them. Together with every description of furniture which has seen its best days, are mingled the tools of the carpenter, the pats of the house-painter, piles of seedy garments, heaps of old boots and shoes, portfolios of prints, various samples of perambulators (single and double), a long coffin-looking cuckoo-clock or two, a selection of plaster casts from the antique, a hundredweight of gas-piping with a disorganized gas meter, a dozen bottle-jacks, “Lives of the British Admirals,” a wheelbarrow, the works of Josephus, the bust of Cardinal Wiseman (wanting a nose), twenty odd volumes of the “Gentleman's Magazine,” a pair of duelling pistols, magic-lanterns, cameras, and sets of photographic apparatus, bundles of long brooms for sweeping chimneys, Blackstone's “Commentaries,” Mrs. Jones's mangie, and five hundred other things which misfortune or misconduct has consigned to this fluctuating museum, to be beaten into cash under the relentless strokes of the auctioneer's hammer. One or two of these places deal in works of art to such an extent that art, in the peculiar phase it puts on in such circumstances, may be considered their staple, though not by any means to the exclusion of other matters.

All these “goods,” if such they can be called, have to undergo a rather perilous ordeal before their transformation into cash is effected. In the first place, for lack of room, they are apt to get crushed, maimed, and crippled by the close stowage of the warehouse and the reckless handling of the porters; and in the second place, the dealers and humble class of buyers who come to inspect them while on view make no scruple of lugging out the different items from the mass in order to examine them, without caring to deposit them safely afterwards. The works of art, which are for the most part the productions of young students, scarcely dry from the easel, are, however, somewhat better treated, being in a manner fastened to the walls of the sale-room and the approaching passages and staircases, as close as they will stick, remaining there as long as they are on view, and afterwards heaped in stacks so as to be forthcoming in due time, according to their numbers in the catalogue.

The sale usually comes on about seven in the evening; it may begin half an hour later when the lots are few, but if they are many—and we have known as many as four hundred lots to be disposed of in a single night—“seven sharp” will be the word. We shall take the reader

along with us, with his permission, while we look in at one of these night sales—premising that, for a reason which he may guess, we prefer to take him back a year or two, to an establishment whose day has passed, rather than to intrude upon any one of its existing successors. It is just on the stroke of seven as we enter the large, dimly-lighted room. The auctioneer's desk, perched high up and lighted by a jet of gas, pendent by a single pipe from the ceiling, is at one end, but sufficiently distant from the wall to allow the porters passing freely behind it. In front of the desk are tables, some twenty feet long, supported on trestles, having a sufficient space between them for a man to walk backwards and forwards, and joined together by a shorter table at the end. A row of benches flanks the tables on either side, and at the end, close to the shorter or cross table, stands a stout easel, for the exhibition of lots too heavy to be handed round by the show-porter. The goods for sale are hardly any of them visible, being stacked in order for production in the darker background; but the buyers, of whom some two or three score are already present, are plainly seen in the light thrown by a double row of tin reflectors upon the, as yet, bare tables. They are a peculiar class of men, such as are seen often enough as individuals elsewhere, but for a gathering of whom you would look in vain in any other place. They are, in fact, the miscellaneous dealers of London's courts, alleys, lanes, by-streets, and back slums—the owners of those desolate-looking shops without windows, and sometimes without doors, where one sees articles of every description, in every possible stage of decay and dilapidation, exposed for sale at prices suited to the very poor. They do not live by the trade they do in their shops—their trade gains would not yield them a living. They have, therefore, to eke out their profits by other means, in the selection of which they are not at all dainty or thin-skinned. They are the supernumeraries of the undertaker, standing with black banners and awaiting the coming of the black horses at the quiet doors of the dead; they are the extemporized waiters at Christmas merry-makings and tradesmen's wedding banquets, where they answer the door, bring in the viands, pour out the "champagne," assist in the kitchen, and are extremely liable, unless report does them injustice, to fits of giddiness, which cause them to stagger on their feet, to wander in their speech, and to hiccup alarmingly, about the crisis of the small hours. They are the men "in possession" when the sworn broker pounces upon the defaulting tenant, crushing in, under the formidable sanction of the law, violating the domestic sanctities, and, as it were, taking the "Englishman's castle" by storm. They are a good many other things besides—indeed, it would be difficult to say what they are not, or what they may not possibly become, in the course of a year. Outwardly, they bear some common characteristics in the sale-room. However they may spruce themselves up upon occasion, at the best of their patrons', and for pay, they never do anything of that sort gratuitously, never indulging in soap save as an investment, that shall bring returns, or wasting precious time in removing the dust and fluff from their garments.

But, while we have been looking round, more company, and some of it of a more pretentious class, have arrived, the auctioneer has mounted to his perch, by a portentous drumming with his hammer on the desk has stilled the noise of the crowd, and, without a word of prelude, has commenced the sale. Up goes a wheelbarrow to begin with; in five seconds or thereabouts the bids have reached five shillings, and down it goes with the thump

that awards it to the buyer. The next lot is a gridiron, and the porter is grinning through it before the barrow is withdrawn; and, even while the gridiron is trembling in the balance, lot three, in the shape of a rocking-horse, comes galloping out of the darkness to occupy its place. Despatch, you see, is the order of the day; but the despatch is not so summary as it might be, in consequence of a defect among the bidders, which galls the auctioneer not a little, and retards the progress of business much more. You may note that, when a lot is knocked down, the buyer's name is bawled out and entered by the clerk against the number of the lot in the catalogue; but every now and then it happens that the auctioneer, who is wide awake, will not accept the name (for a very good reason, doubtless), and bawling out "No: money," will not have the lot entered on credit. So the buyer, whose credit is not good, or who has lots lying in the warehouse uncleared, must either pay cash down or see the lot put up again. A large proportion of the lots are always sold for "money down," and paid for, and, if the buyer chooses, delivered, at the fall of the hammer; but this summary payment and delivery is no great hindrance to business—the clerks and porters managing that without interfering with the progress of the sale. Though the "knock out" conspiracy prevails here, as it does at other auction sales, it is not very rampant, and that for two reasons—one is that the goods, being mostly of little value, do not allow any great margin for it; and the other is, that the buyers, being very numerous, and of a rather sturdy, not to say of a rough class, are not to be brow-beaten and driven from the field by knock-out gangs.

The furniture and miscellaneous property has been all knocked down before the second hour is far advanced, and now follow the paintings, drawings, and other works of art; and you will notice that by this time most of the seedy small brokers have taken their departure, and their places are occupied by a different and less repulsive class. These are, on the one hand, the small dealers and curiosity-shop keepers of such neighbourhoods as Holywell Street and Soho; and, on the other hand, the poor artists and students who have sent their productions to the sale-room to be turned into cash, and who are in the habit of following them in order to witness their fate, and, if possible, to save them from being sacrificed, by bidding against depreciating dealers. They run the risk, however, when thus acting in their own behalf, of having their lots knocked down to themselves, in which case they have expenses to pay instead of purchase-money to receive.

As the hour grows later, the selling goes on at a faster and more furious rate, and the din rises to an uproar. Towards the close of the sale the scene is often disgraceful to witness—something very like a scramble taking place for the last few lots, and the final fall of the hammer being followed by a row, which is only put an end to by the porters turning off the gas and leaving the disputants to grope their way into the street. It may be asked why the owners of property are found willing to subject it to such a species of competition as that above described? The answer is, that for property of the various sorts referred to there is no other market. Brokers will not buy goods which have fallen into decay or gone out of use, and the regular picture-dealers never care to encourage mere tyros in art. Further, the pawnbrokers will not receive such goods; and the sums they are willing to lend upon the productions of young art-students rarely amount to more than the value of the materials used, and sometimes not even to as much as that.

Varieties.

POPISH LOTTERIES.—Bundles of paper tickets from various Roman Catholic institutions are now sent largely through the post, and the frequency of these missives indicates their success as a means of raising money. We have before us one of these despatches, consisting of a bundle of twenty pink tickets for "a grand distribution of prizes in aid of the sisters of the order of St. Francis, Glasgow, under the distinguished patronage of their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of the French, and many of the nobility and gentry of Great Britain and Ireland." The prizes, sixteen in number, commence with a silver service valued at £100, and end with "a prie-Dieu, belonging to the late Right Rev. Dr. Murdoch." A sewing-machine, a cart and harness, a return ticket to the Paris Exhibition, a lady's dressing-case, a copy of the sacred scriptures, and a musical cigar-case, are among the prizes. Along with the pink ticket is one green ticket, entitling the holder to the chance of a prize in a special lottery, provided he has disposed of the twenty pink tickets at sixpence each, and transmitted the money to the committee. The first prize in this select lottery is a piece of Sévres china, and the second a horse and brougham. These lottery tickets seem to be posted indiscriminately to addresses found in the London and Provincial directories. This notice may put any of our readers who receive such letters on their guard. A more open and straightforward appeal for money we find in the following advertisement, which we extract from an English provincial newspaper:—

"For the love of God and our blessed Lady, I still ask a trifle, if only a few postage-stamps, for my Church. After seven years' struggling, it is now, thank God, opened; but there is a heavy debt upon it, which cramps and cripples us. To assist me in paying off this debt I still, therefore, solicit a helping hand—a donation, a contribution in any way—a laid-aside gold ring, a watch chain, a bracelet, a locket, an article for my next bazaar—anything. On my part, I promise most faithfully to all benefactors a priest's best return—two masses every week, and a daily remembrance, so long as God spares me to stand at his altar."

DINNERS FOR POOR INVALID CHILDREN.—At No. 2, Woburn Buildings, near St. Pancras Church, a good dinner is prepared on Mondays and Thursdays for poor children, who bring a ticket and a penny. Books of ten tickets are sold for 3s. 6d. The pence are used for meeting the rent and expense of management, all donations and subscriptions being spent in food for the children. Four thousand dined last year. At the same place there is a daily dinner for adults, poor men and women, who bring a ticket and twopence. The price of a book of forty tickets is one guinea. Here is an easy and judicious way to "feed the hungry." Those who cannot personally distribute the tickets, may send them to the matron, with directions for their being given to clergymen, district visitors, or officers of dispensaries in that quarter. We shall be glad to hear of similar institutions being established in other districts of London.

SERVANTS' DRESS.—The servants of the last generation were respectably dressed, because their under clothing was equally good with their upper, giving a due proportion of their wages to supply each. But now, how widely altered is the case. The present style of dress, which they think so important to adopt, consumes even the very high wages which they ask: and the same servants who must have their velvet mantles, and their bonnets half covered with lace and artificial flowers, and their gowns made in the exact style of the dress of their mistress, and the white sleeves, and the edging for their petticoats, and the veils, and the little stripe of velvet for their hair and their throat, are satisfied to have their under clothing in a most disgraceful and beggarly condition.—*Why do Servants Dress as they do?*

THE OAK COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—"In the ten years from 1856 to 1865, there were raised in Great Britain 850,000,000 tons of coal; yet the number of deaths from accidents was only 9916, showing that there was one life lost for every 100,000 tons of coal raised, and one life lost in every 321 persons employed. Like railway accidents, the fatality in mines is great when it does happen from the suddenness of the misfortune, the utter helplessness of the sufferers, and the large number involved in the same catastrophe; yet happily such cases are but rare." The foregoing statement, by Professor Leone Levi, a high authority in statistics, appeared in a newspaper article

on our mining population. A few days afterwards came the sad announcement of the explosion in the Oak Colliery, near Barnsley. It was by far the most fatal on record in the annals of coal-mining. At the Hartley Pit catastrophe, near Durham, five years ago, about 200 lives were lost; and five years before that there was an explosion at Lundhill, near Barnsley, involving a sacrifice of 170 lives. The fatality on the recent occasion, however, far exceeds that in both of those cases. Indeed, should the number killed be anything like what has been reported, the loss of life will be greater than has occurred at any single time in Great Britain since the battle of Culloden, the only other fatality at all approaching it being the accident at Sheffield from the bursting of the Bradfield reservoir, when 250 lives were sacrificed.

BRIBERY AT ELECTIONS.—It is quite clear that in some places the right of voting is considered almost only of value as the means of obtaining money for votes. No question can be raised, although we see this attempted, as to the gross criminality of the parties, both the candidates and their agents and the voters; nor is there the least common-sense in the allegation that the voters cannot be made to regard selling a trust—which a vote is—for money as criminal. They must be made to regard it as such by the infliction of severe punishment; and the candidates and their agents must also be punished. It is certain that bribery can only be stopped by sending those who give and those who receive bribes to the treadmill, like other offenders. The desire of having a seat in Parliament is strong enough to make men despise all pecuniary penalties, but it is not so strong as to make them run the imminent risk of the treadmill; and this fear, though much less effectually, will also tend to deter the voter. In 1811 my Act making slave-trade punishable as felony extinguished that execrable crime, which all pecuniary penalties and the loss of ship and cargo had not effected; for, as the gains of one adventure covered the other losses, the traders willingly ran the risk; but men would not risk the condemnation as felons.—*Lord Brougham.*

DENSITY OF POPULATION.—The Board of Trade "Statistical Tables" give the following statement of the population of countries with more than 10,000,000 inhabitants, according to the most recent census:—United Kingdom, 258 persons to the English square mile upon an average; Italy, 225; France, 180; Prussia, 179; Austria, 155; Spain (and Balearic Islands), 84; Turkey, 19; United States, 11; Russia, 9; Russia in Europe, 31; Brazil, 3. The population of the eight above-named states of the old world exceeds 270,000,000.

THE PROPOSED KEBLE COLLEGE.—Sir J. T. Coleridge, the late judge, writing of the proposed Keble College, says he believes he is not far wrong in laying down thus much with regard to it:—"We shall encourage simple and economical habits by example, precept, and rule, by the size and the furnishing of our rooms, by a common breakfast in hall, and the forbiddance of breakfast parties; but our hall dinners will be like those of other colleges, and we shall not discourage that intercourse which now subsists usefully between men of different colleges, nor the moderate use of wine. We shall pursue the usual course of university studies, with perhaps a larger admixture of religious instruction. Our students' rooms will be smaller, and the architecture of them and of the residences of our principal and tutors may be simpler than that of other colleges; but we hope to have a spacious and handsome chapel, hall, and library. We do not expect to enrol the sons of noblemen, great proprietors, or rich manufacturers, but we hope for a very large proportion of liberally educated sons of gentlemen; and we trust that our young men, if they be known as poorer than others, will yet be able to hold their own in the university by their numbers, their bearing, and their proficiency."

THE HOLBORN VALLEY VIADUCT.—The length of the bridge will be 116ft., consisting of three arches, with a clear width of footway on each side of 17ft. 5in., and with a clear width of carriage-way of 46ft. in the centre arch. The height of the footway in the centre will be 17ft. 3in.; of the carriage-way in the centre arch, 20ft. 9in.; and of the carriage-way on each side, 15ft. 6in. The viaduct will be ornamented with polished granite, red and gray, and be altogether a handsome massive structure.